REND RISES IN WRATH

Conference Between Coal Operators and Strike Leaders Begins with Animation.

CHICAGOAN JUMPS ON RATCHFORD.

Turns Himself Loose with a Lot of Uncomplimentary Adjectives and Then Leaves the Meeting—Nothing Important Done, But Will Confer Again Today—Ratchford Makes Some Comments on Rend—Debs Calls on the Social Democracy to Go to St. Louis—In Indiana and Illinois.

Pittsburg, Aug. 24.—It was a lively meeting of operators and mine workers here yesterday. During the forenoon there was a split among the producers. The miners's officials wanted to know if every operator in the district was represented; they received a negative reply, and in turn told the operators that there were others down stairs, notably John Blythe and J. W. Shields, who were not represented. They adjourned and promised to have the remaining operators present. At the afternoon session there were present on behalf of the miners National President Ratchford, National Secretary-Treasurer Pearce, District President Dolan, First Vice President McKay and Secretary Warner. President Ratchford made a statement of the case. He said on former occasions the miners went to the operators, when with crocodile tears the conditions were deplored by the operators. Now, he said, it was different, the operators had come to the miners. He expressed himself in favor of arbitration at a living rate of wages.

Rend Turns Himself Loose.

This brought Colonel W. P. Rend to his feet. He said that there could be no arbitration on the lines as laid down by Ratchford. He referred to the meeting at St. Louis. When Ratchford intimated that a universal strike and a demand for eight-hour day and a readjustment of the wage question would be the result of the St. Louis convention Colonel Rend replied by calling Ratchford a villain, traitor, blackguard and anarchist. With emphasis he told him that seven anarchists had been hung in Chicago, and all were better than he; that if he precipitated an insurrection in this country he would be hung and when he was hung he (Rend) wanted to pull the rope. Colonel Rend left the conference in a rage.

Then the Work Began.

Then the conference got down to work. President Ratchford made an apology for some of the statements he had made and Dolan made a statement that his position was almost similar to that of Ratchford. The operators then decided that a committee be appointed to meet with the miners' officials and if possible come to some agreement. A short conference was held with the committee and it was agreed to meet at 8 p. m. and if possible arrive at some conclusion. The conference was held and it lasted for several hours. Propositions were made and discussed and an adjournment taken until 10 o'clock this morning without a conclusion being reached. The point at issue is the rate of wages which shall be paid pending the decision of the board of arbitrators.

Ratchford "Alludes at" Rend.

In the course of a statement Ratchford made last night he said: "If I am a traitor to the cause of labor why should Colonel Rend and I disagree? Rend accused John McBride of selling the strike of 1894; he accused Phil Penna, whom I succeeded, of being a coal operator and working in league with operators. It is the most natural thing that he should accuse me after disagreement. I am not the least bit alarmed about Rend's accusation. I would have as soon have him accuse me as to have his friendship. John Nugent, of Ohio, and Pat Dolan, of Pitsburg, were also among the accused men. In fact everybody who has ever served in an official capacity has been accused by Rend whenever he failed to agree with him."

Debs Calls on His Organization.

Terre Haute, Ind., Aug. 24.—Eugene V. Debs yesterday issued a call "To the Social Democracy, and all lovers of liberty and fair play," to attend the conference at St. Louis next Monday, when, he says, "prompt, united and vigorous action will be taken" in regard to the miners' strike, and especially the course of the judiciary in issuing restraining orders. He says: "The hour has struck to call a halt." In conclusion he says: "Every atom of American manhood revolts against the spectacle. Judges by the usurpation of power and playing the role of tyrants have annihilated the constitution, abrogated the right of trial by jury, forbidden free speech, suppressed peaceable assamblage and transformed our republic into absolute despotism. They are guilty of judicial treason and should be made to answer at the bar of an outraged people."

SITTATION IN INDIANA.

What Judge Terhune Has to Say of His Experiences in That State.

Lebanon, Ind., Aug. 24.—Judge Thomas J. Terhune, of this city, the commissioner appointed by Governor Mount to investigate the condition and grievances of the striking coal miners of this state, delivered an address on the subject before a large audience at the Methodist church Sunday night. His description of the scenes of distress and want which came to his notice while visiting the mining camps was touching to the extreme. Judge Terhune said in part: "The cause of the striking miners is one which must appeal to the sympathy of all who are acquainted with their condition and grievances.

"That their cause is just none can deny. A few years ago they received $1.25 per ton. Now the wages paid for ordinary pick mining in Indiana, after deducting the cost of blacksmithing, powder and other expenses, average about 35 cents per ton. A good miner can probably take out three tons a day. They are allowed to work only two or three days per week, and that under most discouraging conditions. In the block coal region, where the vein is only three feet thick, they are often compelled to lay on their side for hours waiting for cars to be furnished."

The judge told of a child dying of starvation and of a family no member of which had worn shoes or stockings for over a year, and said this condition of things was the rule. He retold the old story of the company store and company tenement, and added: "Hundreds of miners have not had a single dollar in money in months, and as a rule the company's books show a balance in favor of the company. We estimated that about 8,000 families in Vigo, Green, Vermillion and Sullivan counties are completely destitute. Unless relief comes at once the result is beyond imagination."

SHOOTING AFFAIR ON SUNDAY.

Organized Labor Will Meet Tonight and Denounce the Same.

Pittsburg, Aug. 24.—The shooting affair among the Italian miners of the New York and Cleveland Gas Coal company was made the occasion of a call for a general meeting of organized labor this evening at Knights of Labor hall. The call is as follows: "Armed assassins in the employ of the corporations are intimidating and shooting down our brothers who are struggling for living wages. We feel that appeals to the courts would be useless for reasons known to all of us. In order, then, to get your advice and assistance at this trying time we are earnestly requesting you in the name of American manhood and our childrens' future liberty to meet in conference with us on Tuesday evening, Aug. 24, 1897." This is signed by J. P. Dolan and William Warner, of the Mine Workers.

The call is indorsed by Paul St. Peter, secretary of the Window Glass Workers; M. P. Carrack, general president of the Brotherhood of Painters and Decorators; W. J. Smith, president of the American Flint Glass Workers; N. M. Garland, president of the Amalgamated Association of Iron and Steel Workers, and J. D. McFarland, of the Knights of Labor. "The shooting at Oak Hill," said Secretary Warner, "shows beyond a doubt that what I said to Judge Stowe at the injunction hearings was true. The intimidation is all practiced by the other side. Men are encouraged to go and attack those who will not work. We have not intimidated the company's men. They do not want to go to work for the wages they get and when they refuse fire arms are to be used to coerce them."

President Dolan, had a narrow escape from death at 9 a. m. yesterday, and John McLuckie, the camp commissary, was badly hurt by being struck by a train. The two men were hurrying along the Panhandle tracks to catch a train at Sturgeon station. They did not notice the train they were to take was not on the usual track, and it came up behind them. McLuckie was struck on the right side and fell. He was stunned and Dolan was shoved aside. He called to McLuckie to lie still, for if he had moved a couple of inches he would have been crushed. Dolan said it was the closest call he ever had. The eighteen strikers who were arrested at "Camp Injunction," at the Bunola mines for disorderly conduct and sent to jail for ten days, were released during the morning. All returned to the camp.

AT THE ILLINOIS DIGGINGS.

Several Changes in the Situation but Nothing Startling Happening.

St. Louis, Aug. 24.—Specials to The Republic from different sections of the Illinois coal fields show the various changes that have taken place during the past twenty-four hours. At Fairbury the band of striking coal miners which has been camping near that city since Saturday night apparently has gained its point, as the miners at both the Co-operative and Walton Brothers' shafts came out at noon yesterday, and joined the strikers.

The only development in the strike situation at Decatur was the discovery by the leaders of the Springfield strikers that during the night most of the men from that city had packed up and marched home. A meeting was held last night, but it is not expected that anything to encourage the strikers resulted from it. Miners at the Lincoln shafts were notified to remove their tools. The Decatur and Mount Pulaski mines are still running and the Lincoln local market is being supplied from the latter point.

Part of the men have returned to the pits of the Taylorville Coal company and the indications are that there will be a full resumption within a few days. The mine operators at Duquoin published a card notifying all their employes that unless they are in their places ready to work by tomorrow morning they must take out their tools. The organized miners have decided to continue the strike. Two hundred miners from O'Fallon, Troy, Birkner, Glencarbon and Belleville passed through Lebanon yesterday en route from Breese to induce, if possible, the miners at that place to quit work. The effort is be made this morning.

STRIKERS RIDE TRAINS FREE.

How the Men at the Oak Hill Mines in Ohio Were Brought Out.

Cincinnati, Aug. 24.—A special to The Commercial-Tribune from Wellston, O., says: Seven hundred miners, headed by three brass bands, flagged a mixed freight and passenger train on the Cincinnati, Hamilton and Dayton railroad yeterday morning at a crossing in the southern part of this city. The train came to a stop and was boarded by the men; then the trainmen refused to proceed and backed their train back to the station, where they were ordered by the officials of the road to proceed. The miners were en route to Oak Hill, where there was a mine in full operation. Arriving at Oak Hill the strikers marched to the mine and demanded that the men come out. This the men did, but not before being assured that no harm was intended if they conducted thmselves right.

The men then held a meeting and informed the strikers that they would not work until the strike was settled. They were then compelled to march with the strikers through the principal streets of Oak Hill. Returning to Wellston, the strikers captured a Baltimore and Ohio Southwestern freight train. Its conductor at first refused to move the train, but went on to Wellston when informed that the miners were going to stay on board until he did move. This is the second time that the strikers have taken the men out of Oak Hill and they informed them that if they were compelled to make a third trip they would make it unpleasant for them. Trouble is feared if any further attempt to mine coal is made.

National Court of Foresters.

Denver, Colo., Aug. 24.—The national supreme court of Foresters of America convened in this city today and daily sessions will be held until Friday.

WENT OVER THE FALLS

Three Men Lose Their Lives in Niagara.

LOST CONTROL OF THE SAILBOAT.

Thousand of People Watch the Doomed Men Drift Down to Certain Death—Five Children Drowned in the Harbor at Toronto by the Capsizing of a Float—Chicago Man Killed While Trying to Save His Wife's Life.

Buffalo, N. Y., Aug. 23.—A sailboat containing three men was caught in the rapids above the Niagara cataract at 5:30 o'clock Sunday afternoon and washed over the American falls. The three occupants of the boat were: Warren Bush, aged 21, Chicago; Charles Glasner, aged 29, Chicago; Frank Weber, Buffalo. The men had been in camp at LaSalle on the river, a few miles above the falls. They went for a sail Sunday afternoon, lost control of the boat, and were drowned, as stated. When the boat was first noticed by those on shore it was just off Chippewa creek, about two miles above the falls. The men had lost control of it and were drifting helplessly toward the breakers known as the "dead line." The men tried to rig the sail so as to direct the boat toward shore, but were unable to do so. Huddled together in the small skiff, the men seemed unable to act.

Thrown into the Water.

The space between the boat and the line of foam marking the beginning of the rapids grew less each minute. The frail craft was carried by the swift waters until its bow shot out of the water, and it rode the first breaker. Over went the little boat, throwing the men into the water. Two of them came up and waved their arms as if appealing to those on the shore, and then sank forever. The third man could swim. He struck out for shore, but after a few strokes he was drawn under the water and was seen no more. The bodies were carried over the falls. The boat floated keel up to the rocks of Cedar island, where it was drawn ashore. The place where the men sunk is about 100 feet from the shore and a mile above the falls. The accident was witnessed by thousands of visitors, most of whom were on their way to Buffalo for the Grand Army encampment.

FRIGHTFUL BOILER EXPLOSION.

Three Persons Killed Outright and Eight Others Injured.

Cairo, Ills., Aug. 23.—By the explosion of a boiler at the brickyard of W. H. Halliday shortly after 7 o'clock Monday morning three persons were instantly killed and eight injured. The dead are: Riley Bradley, engineer; Gideon Ricks, who sanded molds; Henry Schiller, who tempered mud. The injured are: Ed McCurdy, leg broken; Proctor McCurdy, cut in the head and arm broken; Dennis Bland, scalded; Jesse Woodford, arm broken; James Keys, scalded; Isaac Thomas, Will and James Curtis, slightly injured.

All parties are negroes except Henry Schiller, one of the killed. The men had hardly started to work when the boiler let go. Each of the three men killed were struck by a large piece of the boiler and hurled fifty feet away. The air was filled with steam, mud and flying brick, and the building was demolished. Dennis Bland, who was scalded, was delivering ice for Winter Bros., and reached the brickyard just in time to get caught in the explosion. Just what was the cause of the explosion is not known.

FIVE CHILDREN DROWNED.

Twenty-One Little Ones Crowd into a Float Which Capsizes.

Toronto, Ont., Aug. 23.—Five children drowned in the harbor Sunday afternoon by the capsizing of a float. The dead are: Albert Driscoll, aged 6; Gertie Harvey, aged 11; Jack Bethel, aged 10; two others, names unknown. The bodies of the three former were recovered. The float was 12 feet long and 6 feet wide and was made of rough timber and used for conveying workmen from the mainland at the foot of Cherry street to the breakwater, a distance of about 100 yards. The float is worked by chains attached to the bank on one side and the breakwater on the other side.

Sunday afternoon twenty-one children, boys and girls ranging from 8 to 12 years of age, crowded on the raft intending to go bathing at the breakwater. Half way across the channel where the water is deep the raft capsized. There were many boats in the neighborhood and these were quickly at the scene, rescuing all but five.

Killed by a Train.

Chicago, Aug. 23.—To save his wife from the wheels of the Cincinnati limited train Sunday at Englewood-on-the-Hill, Thomas Arnold, timekeeper at the Rock Island shops, bartered his life for hers. She had mistaken the southbound Panhandle flyer—a little late and going like the wind—for the suburban train which they were to take for Blue Island, and when her husband looked up at her call, he saw her crossing the tracks to the bank from which southbound passengers board the cars and directly in the path of the onrushing mail. With a cry of warning, he sprang after her, and pushed her out of danger just as the pilot of the engine struck and hurled him high in the air.

Accident to a Tally-Ho Party.

New York, Aug. 23.—A tally-ho coach carrying anumber of members of the John Palmer association of Brooklyn and their friends, was run into at Coney Island Sunday night by a trolley car and wrecked. Fifteen of the occupants of the coach were injured. Anna Drisler of Flatbush and William Gruffy of Brooklyn, the driver of the coach, are believed to be fatally hurt.

Maccabees in a Wreck.

Chicago, Aug. 23.—The Calumet Terminal excursion train which left Hammond at 9 a. m. Sunday for Lemont, Ills., was derailed at Riverdale at 9. p. m. on the way back, and 500 Knights and Ladies of the Maccabees and their friends narrowly escaped death. Seven persons were injured, one perhaps fatally.

Three Children Burned to Death.

Anaconda, Mont., Aug. 23.—Three children of William Praast, at Kleinschmidt Flats were burned to death Sunday during the absence of their parents. The house was burned to the ground and the bodies of the children were found in the ashes.

Railway Shopman Killed.

Chattanooga, Tenn., Aug. 23.—John T. Long, a workman in the Cincinnati Southern railway shops, while jacking up a car Monday was instantly killed by the handle of a jack striking him in the head. Master Mechanic H. H. Schreiber, who was standing a few feet away and witnessed the accident, fell over in a fainting fit from which he could not be aroused. Mr. Schreiber has been troubled with heart disease for several years and his physicians say he cannot survive the shock.

WHEAT TAKES A DROP.

The September Option Quickly Falls 4½ Cents to 95.

Chicago, Aug. 23.—Wheat made its parachute descent Monday. Within the twinkling of an eye the coveted September option dropped 4½ cents from Saturday's closing. To show the manner in which the wheat pit indulged its feverish tastes Monday the following opening fluctuations may be given: 99½, 98½, 96½, 95½, 95, 96, 97, 97⅛. That was the story of probably the most exciting break in the price of wheat within six years. December wheat was not unable to disentangle itself from the troubles of September wheat. That future closed Saturday at 99⅛, opened Monday at the even $1 mark, but within a breathing spell it dropped to 97½, then to 96 and touched as low as 94¼, nearly 6 cents below the opening point. May wheat, although a distant speculative option, declined 3 cents under the impulse, but rallied back to 98.

New York, Aug. 23.—Wheat had another sensational opening Monday, but less one-sided than of late. Bulls were startled to find heavy selling orders from foreign and other sources, which broke prices during the first half hour about 4 cents a bushel from the highest curb prices of Saturday. December opened at $1.04, broke to $1.01¼ under vigorous selling pressure and then rebounded violently to $1.04½, later weakening to $1.03⅝.

Flour Goes Up in France.

Paris, Aug. 23.—Flour rose 50 centimes a sack at Marseilles on Saturday and a further rise is expected, though the impending arrivals from New York and Buenos Ayres are expected to check the rise. The agitation for the abolition of the duties on grain is spreading rapidly and at Tarbes, Rodes and Cetto there is much excitement on the subject. The Figaro expresses the belief that the rise will not last long, as no scarcity is feared, adding that the socialists will not succeed in the alarmist campaign, which they are alleged to have sprung for a political purpose. The Justice declares the price of bread has no relation to the present price of wheat.

Rev. W. H. Lockwood Dead.

Eau Claire, Wis., Aug. 23.—The Rev. W. H. Lockwood, for thirty-three years a resident of Eau Claire and the second pastor of the First Presbyterian church, died Sunday, aged 72. No man in the Chippewa valley was better known than the Rev. W. H. Lockwood. He continued his work as a minister of the gospel in season and out, and proved a personal and well beloved friend and counsellor in hundreds of homes. His services were ever in demand when death had entered a neighbor's home, and over 500 marriage ceremonies had been performed by him.

THE MARKETS.

Chicago Grain and Produce.

Chicago, Aug. 23.

Following were the quotations on the Board of Trade today: Wheat—August, opened and closed nominal; September, opened 98⅛c closed 96⅛c; December, opened 98⅛c, closed 95⅞c; May, opened 93½c, closed 93⅝c. Corn—August, opened and closed nominal; September, opened 32½c, closed 31⅝c; December, 34⅛c, closed 33¼c; May, opened 37⅛c, closed 35⅝c. Oats—August, opened and closed nominal; September, opened 20c, closed 19⅜c; December, opened 22¼c, closed 20¼c; May, opened 24⅝c, closed 24¼c. Pork—September, opened $8.85, closed $8.60; October, opened $8.90, closed $8.65; December, opened $9.02½, closed $8.77½. Lard—September, opened $4.75, closed $4.65; October, opened $4.80, closed $4.70.

Produce: Butter — Extra creamery, 18c per lb; extra dairy, 14c; fresh packing stock, 8c. Eggs — Fresh stock, 13c per dozen. Live Poultry—Turkeys, 7@9c per lb; chickens (hens), 7¼c; spring chickens, 10c; ducks, 5@5½c. Potatoes—Early Ohio, 45@55 per bu. Blackberries—Fair to good, 50@35c per 16-qt. case.

Chicago Live Stock.

Chicago, Aug. 23.

Hogs—Estimated receipts for the day, 34,000; sales ranged at $3.90@4.25 for pigs, $4.00@4.25 for light, $3.70@3.85 for rough packing, $3.85@4.20 for mixed, and $3.90@4.15 for heavy packing and shipping lots. Cattle—Estimated receipts for the day, 17,000; quotations ranged at $4.95@5.45 for choice to extra shipping steers, $4.60@5.00 good to choice do., $4.35@4.70 fair to good, $3.85@4.30 common to medium do., $3.60@4.25 butchers' steers, $3.40@3.90 stockers, $4.00@4.45 feeders, $1.90@4.00 cows, $2.60@4.40 heifers, $2.25@4.00 bulls, oxen and stags, $2.75@4.20 Texas steers, $3.40@4.40 western rangers, and $4.00@7.10 veal calves. Sheep and Lambs—Estimated receipts for the day, 19,000; quotations ranged at $2.75@3.80 westerns, $2.70@3.40 Texans, $2.35@3.90 natives, and $3.00@5.25 lambs.

East Buffalo Live Stock.

East Buffalo, N. Y., Aug. 23.

Dunning & Stevens, Live Stock Commission Merchants, East Buffalo, N. Y., quote as follows: Cattle—Receipts, 220 cars; market active and 10@20c higher for good to choice grades; others steady; prime heavy steers, $5.00@5.20; good to choice shippers, $4.75@4.90; light butchers to good handy mediums, $4.20@4.65; common to fair, half fat, $3.80@4.25; light light to choice heifers, $3.25@4.60; old to good fat cows, $2.50@4.00; oxen, $2.25@4.75; bulls, $2.75@4.00; stockers and feeders steady for good to choice, $3.85@4.25; common lower, $3.50@3.75; fresh cows steady, $2 higher; veals, $4.50@6.50. Hogs—Receipts, 85 cars; market strong-er for pigs; Yorkers and others steady; Yorkers, $4.35@4.40; pigs, $4.35@4.40; others, $4.25@4.30. Sheep and Lambs—Receipts, 45 cars; market strong to 10c higher; sheep barely steady; culls to good lambs, $4.25@5.50; extra, $5.75; mixed sheep, $2.50@4.00; wethers, $4.25; yearlings, $4.25@4.60.

Milwaukee Grain.

Milwaukee, Aug. 23.

Wheat—Lower; No. 1 northern, $1.03; No. 2 spring, $1.00; December, $95¼c. Corn—½c lower; No. 3, 31½c. Oats—Steady; No. 2, white, 22¼@23c. Rye—Higher; No. 1, 56@56½c.

Detroit Grain.

Detroit, Aug. 23.

Wheat—Cash white, 99¾c; cash red, $1.00¼; September, $1.00; December $1.00.

CAMP JEWETT OPEN.

Home of the Boys in Blue at the G. A. R. Encampment at Buffalo.

FORMALLY OPENED BY CLARKSON.

Commander-in-Chief Inspects It and Holds a Reception—Thousands Present at the Ceremony—Saluted by Federal Soldiers—Great Crowd in the City—Linehan the Coming Chief, Apparently—Cincinnati Leading for Next Meet.

Buffalo, N. Y., Aug. 24.—Commander-in-Chief Clarkson arrived here yesterday. As he stepped from the train he was warmly welcomed to the Queen City by Justice Truman White, of the reception committee, and Colonel Albert W. Shaw, state commander of the department of New York. Four hundred and fifty veterans, together with the George A. Cook zouave's fife and drum corps, accompanied the commander-in-chief from Nebraska. Camp Jewett, the picturesque tent city erected for the accommodation of visiting veterans on a bluff overlooking Lake Erie and the mouth of the Niagara river, was officially opened by Commander-in-Chief Clarkson yeterday afternoon. The commander-in-chief was escorted from his headquarters by Mayor Jewett and other citizens, and by Bidwell Wilkeson post, of Buffalo, and Columbia post, of Chicago, headed by the regimental band of the Thirteenth United States infantry, which is assigned to Fort Porter during the encampment.

Gave Him a Salute of Fifteen Guns.

As the commander-in-chief entered the camp a salute of fifteen guns was fired in his honor by the federal troops at the fort. The general was escorted to the plazza of a park pavilion situated in the center of the camp, about which thousands of veterans and citizens formed in a hollow square. Stepping to the front of the plazza Mayor Jewett, on behalf of the citizens' committee, presented the camp to the commander-in-chief, who accepted it in a graceful speech. Commander-in-Chief Clarkson entered the pavilion when his remarks were concluded and held an impromptu reception of officers from Fort Porter and officers of the national guard. Later he made an inspection of the camp, in company with the officers of his staff, after which he returned to his headquarters.

Main Street a Blaze of Light.

Last night Main street was one blaze of light. The principal streets were simply impassable. Such enormous crowds were assembled that traffic of all kinds was practically at a standstill. A reception was tendered to Commander-in-Chief Clarkson last night at Music hall. A beautiful jeweled badge is to be presented to Clarkson during the encampment. It is the gift of the commander's staff. President McKinley will make the presentation address.

POLITICS OF THE ENCAMPMENT.

Linehan Leading for Successor to Clarkson—At Cincinnati Next Year.

John C. Linehan, of Concord, N. H., is the most formidable of the new candidates for commander-in-chief. Pennsylvania veterans are booming Colonel Gobin, of that state, for commander-in-chief. Already 500 Pennsylvania men are here, and they are all working hard for Colonel Gobin's success. Colonel Gobin arrived here yesterday. A delegation of prominent Cincinnati business men has arrived to press Cincinnati's claims for the national encampment in 1898. There now appears to be no doubt that Cincinnati will have the honor of entertaining the G. A. R. next year; in fact, there appears to be no opposition.

The Richmond boomers have arrived in town and immediately proceeded to work for the encampment of 1899. There are eighteen of Richmond's leading men in the party. A prominent member of the delegation is Walter H. Sanary, editor and owner of the Richmond State, who said last night that his committee was doing good missionary work and had every reason to believe it would get the encampment in 1899. Not a delegation approached so far but was in favor of Richmond, and several members of the committee which have the selection of the place are pledged to Richmond.

A noble enterprise which is likely to enlist the attention of the Grand Army delegates during the session here is the establishment of a sanitarium for the benefit of veteran soldiers and sailors of the war for the Union. It is proposed to locate on the island with Castle Pinckney in the harbor of Charleston, S. C., a refugee for old soldiers who are ill and congress is asked to take advantage of an offer to the very favorable location for the purpose. The scheme has the indorsement of Commander-in-Chief Clarkson.

NOTHING NEW AT SHEPHERD.

Cashier Struble's Ante-Mortem Statement Thought To Be Valueless.

Mount Pleasant, Mich., Aug. 24.—The situation at Shepherd is practically unchanged and the impression is gaining ground that the ante-mortem statement of Cashier Struble cannot be used in the enforcement of arrests. The suspension of the People's Savings bank and the subsequent robbery and murder are being discussed in every phase, but nothing new has developed. The proprietor of the Farmers' bank at Shepherd spent yesterday trying to solve the question of the amount of the liability and getting the pass books of the depositors. All rumors to the effect that vigilance committees have been formed to lynch the murderers in the event of their capture are erroneous and the law will be allowed to take its course.

His Name Is Dennis Now.

Chambersburg, Pa., Aug. 24.—The safe robber who was shot and killed at Canton, O., Sunday night by a policeman at the Canton Savings bank, was George Gerbig, of Chambersburg, better known as "Cooney." He was a barber about 40 years old and had quite a criminal record.

Wheat Makes a Record at St. Louis.

St. Louis, Aug. 24.—Wheat made another record yesterday, December and September touching $1.05 and May $1.07, but this did not stand long, a slump of fully 5 cents in the active months resulting in the first few minutes.

JUDGE LYNCH IS READY

Slayers of Cashier Struble To Be Strung Up.

GREAT EXCITEMENT AT SHEPHERD

The Sheriff Has Not Yet Arrested the Men Whom Struble in His Dying Statement Said Were His Slayers—Road Between Shepherd and Mount Pleasant Lined with Men Anxious to Take Part in the Proposed Lynching.

Shepherd, Mich., Aug. 23.—The mystery surrunding the murder of Cashier Elmer E. Struble of the Farmers' bank here and the robbery of the bank deepens rather than clears as the hours pass. At first it seemed a clear case of professional robbery, but later developments tend to disprove this theory and advance the new one that names of men most respected in Isabella county are yet to figure in the affair.

Shepherd has passed many hours of excitement, the like of which it never knew. All day long men have wondered up and down the dusty streets in groups, hollow-eyed from their hours of vigilance, but still tramping along tirelessly waiting for the word which shall bring them into activity. The activity means the instant lynching of the men who shall be arrested by Sheriff Mogg, as it is believed he will arrest those whom Cashier Struble named in his dying statement. This statement was made in the presence of the prosecuting attorney, a notary public, and the two attending doctors.

Excitement Is Intense.

Every attempt has been made by the officers to quiet the excitement, but the attempt is a failure. Mr. Struble, as president of the village, as well as cashier of the bank, was widely known and highly respected, and the people at large propose to avenge his death without waiting the usual process of law.

The peculiar phase of the case is the current rumor that the names he mentioned are so prominent in county affairs that the sheriff dare not act. The excitement has spread all through Isabella county and in every town within a radius of twenty miles of the county seat, Mount Pleasant, men are organizing and arming and getting ready to march to the jail the instant they are informed of the arrests.

Shepherd is crowded with strangers, all anxious to get the latest news, and on every hand threats of violence are heard, should the guilty parties be arrested and brought here. The dirt road between here and Mount Pleasant, ten miles long, is lined with foot travelers, all intent in taking part in the summary meting out of justice.

Three Bullet Wounds.

The coroner's inquest and autopsy show that there were three bullet wounds, one directly over the heart, which passed through the left lung; another just below the heart, and still another through the right forearm. Death was caused by internal hemorrhage.

Every indication now points to the fact that Cashier Struble gave his life and fought to the last to protect the funds and books of the institution, and died only after a hard struggle. While Mr. Ryan, the owner of the bank, will make no positive statement as to the amount lost, it is understood that between $5,000 and $6,000 in cash was taken, and that the two books which are missing are most important, as without them no idea can be formed as to the condition of the bank. In addition to this it appears that the robbers carefully sorted the papers in the vault, but the officers making the investigation will not say what particular papers are missing.

Bitterness of Feeling.

A new feature was added to the case Sunday in the bitterness of feeling displayed against the owners of the People's bank of Mount Pleasant, which suspended a few days ago, and by which many poor people in this county lost all their savings. Why this question should be agitated at this time does not seem clear to any one, but in the public mind it is settled that the failure of the People's bank led to Struble's murder.

Among the determined men now pacing the streets can be found every preparation for a lynching. There are more than a dozen individual vigilance committees formed, each has its leader, and each its bit of rope ready to form into a hangman's loop, with enough left to string the guilty parties up to the nearest tree, and there is no doubt that this rope will be used if needed.

SEIZED BY GREAT BRITAIN.

Alleged Filibustering Steamer Bermuda Is Confiscated.

Philadelphia, Aug. 23.—The British steamship Ethelwood, Captain List, arrived at this port from Port Antonio, Jamaica, Monday, having on board as passengers, in addition to Commissioner of Navigation Eugene Tyler Chamberlain and Dr. Parker of Washington, twelve of the crew of the alleged filibustering steamship Bermuda, which has been seized out there by the British government. It was learned from Mr. Chamberlain that Captain Murphy of the Bermuda has been adjudged guilty of violation of the quarantine laws and sentenced to pay a fine of £100 or undergo thirty days' imprisonment. He chose the latter, and is now serving his time. The Bermuda will be sold by the British authorities.

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Cures of Scrofula in severest forms, Salt Rheum, with intense itching and burning, scald head, boils, pimples, etc.

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EXILED TO SIBERIA.

By WILLIAM MURRAY GRAYDON.

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[CONTINUED.]

HAPTER VII.

RECAPTURED.

Through the wavering curls of smoke Maurice saw the nearer horse plunge heavily to the ground, dragging his mate with him, and that same quick glance showed him the crouching form of Hamid in the act of pulling his revolver on the officer seated in the wagon.

With Maurice to think was to act, and like a flash he sprang on the Turk's back at the very second that the man fired.

His aim was spoiled, however, and the ball from the weapon whizzed over the officer's head.

In an instant all was confusion. Hamid with a cry fell back into the copse struggling to tear loose from the brave boy's hold, while Phil, quick to grasp the situation, threw himself on Grodno, and they rolled together into the road almost to the wheels of the wagon.

Grodno's shot had killed the one horse, and his mate in frantic alarm broke from his fastenings and darted like a streak over the plain, leaving the wagon and its two occupants to their fate.

The cowardly driver, frightened out of his wits by the shooting and by the sight of the gray convict garbs, left the wagon at a leap and ran in a zigzag course toward the distant village, uttering a howl of fright at every step. The officer was a man of quite different caliber. Without the least appearance of fright he leaned forward, and opening a black box in the bottom of the wagon drew out a pair of revolvers. The sight of the two convicts struggling in the roadway must have puzzled him considerably, for he looked on without attempting to make any use of his weapons.

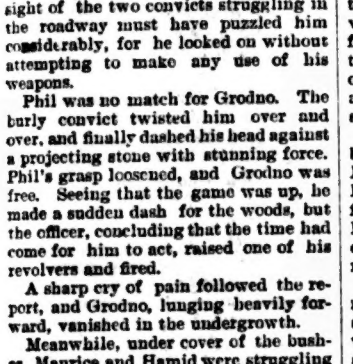
Phil was no match for Grodno. The burly convict twisted him over and over, and finally dashed his head against a projecting stone with stunning force. Phil's grasp loosened, and Grodno was free. Seeing that the game was up, he made a sudden dash for the woods, but the officer, concluding that the time had come for him to act, raised one of his revolvers and fired.

A sharp cry of pain followed the report, and Grodno, lunging heavily forward, vanished in the undergrowth.

Meanwhile, under cover of the bushes, Maurice and Hamid were struggling desperately. The enraged Turk fought like a demon, trying in vain to make use of the revolver which he still clutched in his hand, but Maurice held him in a firm embrace, and they rolled over and over through the grass, neither gaining the ascendency. At length Maurice got his antagonist just where he wanted him—underneath—and, clutching his throat with one hand was about to wrest the revolver from him with the other when the bushes parted almost beside him, and he glanced up to see Grodno's evil countenance glaring at him. The convict's left arm hung motionless at his side, stained with blood. Maurice released his hold on the Turk instantly and darted into the woods, intending to circle round and see what had become of Phil and the officer. He made a short detour which brought him to the edge of the road, some 20 or 30 yards above the wagon.

Peeping cautiously from the fringe of bushes, he saw Phil lying motionless in the path, and the officer apparently bending over him. Then came a startling interruption. Grodno and Hamid burst from the forest with loud shouts, the former swinging the rifle around his head with one arm, and flung themselves on the officer, who staggered to his feet just in time to meet the attack. Shouts of anger were heard, but the combatants were so enveloped in a cloud of dust that Maurice could not tell how the battle was going.

"If I only had a weapon of some sort," he exclaimed half aloud, and just then his eyes fell on a stout cudgel lying close at hand, a staff dropped probably by some peasant. Seizing this, he



He saw Grodno's evil countenance glaring at him.

hurried quickly down the road, intent on rescuing the imperiled officer. As he drew near a pistol cracked sharply above the din of voices, and Hamid's short, chunky figure spun round for a brief second in the cloud of dust, and then dropped heavily in the roadway.

Maurice had barely time to see Grodno and the officer struggling over the possession of a revolver when a sharp trumpet blast echoed through the air, a clash of steel seemed to shake the ground, and then round a slight curve in the road came at full tilt a squad of Cossacks, brandishing their naked swords. They surrounded the wagon with a circle of men six deep, and when Grodno gave up the fight in despair and turned to flee he was hemmed in beyond all hope of escape. A fierce expression passed over his face, and then he calmly folded his arms as a sign of submission.

Hamid lay motionless on the road, his greasy garments stained to match the scarlet of his fez, and close by was Phil, his face pale and corpselike.

The rescued officer saluted the commander of the Cossacks and conversed with him for ten minutes or more, pointing from time to time at Maurice and Grodno and the two motionless forms on the ground. He was plainly much puzzled over the affair. From the few words of the Cossack's reply which Maurice was able to understand, such as "escaped prisoners, burning barge and Tomsk," he inferred that these soldiers had been in pursuit of them since the time of their escape.

Fearing lest Phil was badly injured, if indeed not dead, he moved toward him, but was roughly ordered back. At the same moment the conversation ceased, and two of the soldiers came forward with the runaway black horse, which they attached to the wagon, dragging the dead animal to the side of the road.

Grodno, whose arm was apparently broken by the officer's bullet, was placed on the back seat unpinioned. Maurice was put behind, his arms bound behind his back, and Hamid's limp body was stowed away at their feet.

Phil, to Maurice's delight, now recovered consciousness and sat up, looking about him in a dazed, stupefied manner.

He was hastily bound and placed on the front seat beside the officer, who had volunteered to drive.

By this time people were in sight coming across the plain from the distant village, but instead of turning back in that direction the officer drove straight ahead, and the wagon rolled smoothly over the grassy road, surrounded on all four sides by the stern visaged Cossacks.

An hour later another village started up from the horizon, with its same monotonous Greek crosses, and presently they entered the long, straggling street, with dingy, gray houses, and halted before the posting station, a very unpretentious structure of logs. The people of the village flocked out to see the new arrivals, but the presence of the Cossacks kept them at a respectful distance.

A brisk little man with piercing black eyes arrived presently, whom Maurice rightly divined to be a doctor. He glanced carelessly at Phil's bruised forehead and prescribed a dose of vodki, which fiery potion was at once produced and poured down the patient's reluctant throat.

He shrugged his shoulders at Grodno's arm and deftly enveloped it in splints and bandages, an operation which the convict submitted to without a murmur of pain.

When he came to Hamid and saw the ugly wound in the breast, his countenance became more grave, and he directed the unconscious man to be carried into the station. The Cossacks dismounted and took their prisoners inside, placing them in different corners of the room, where conversation was impossible.

A big samovar was steaming on the table, and the soldiers were soon gulping down cups of hot tea and devouring cold meat, pickles and salted cucumbers. The officer and the commander of the troops were doubtless taking their refreshment in a private apartment. Phil, hidden by a couple of burly Cossacks, was invisible to Maurice. Grodno, a few yards away, glared at him with a look of hatred. He might as well have spared himself the trouble, for Maurice paid him not the least attention. He was thinking very seriously over the events of the past two days and beginning to realize what a foolish and reckless thing it had been to accept the chance of escape offered by these two convicts. He and Phil would probably be held equally guilty with Grodno and Hamid, and the penalty for the crimes committed by the two ruffians would be under Russian law—death. This Maurice realized with a shudder. He was amazed with Grodno's audacity in attempting to assassinate a Russian officer on a public road and actually within sight of a village. It could only be accounted for by the dire necessity for procuring money and a change of clothes, and since the officer had baggage in the wagon with him the undertaking seemed to offer both. Had not Maurice interfered when he did the officer and the driver would undoubtedly have been shot.

It was a clever ruse of Grodno's to shoot the horse first, and thus put the wagon and its occupants at his mercy.

There was one hope—a very slim one. If the rescued officer could only be made to understand that he owed his life to the boys, he might extend them valuable aid, but just there was the trouble, as Maurice told himself. Did the circumstances justify the boys' story?

The struggle between Hamid and Maurice was absolutely unseen, while the scuffle between Phil and Grodno might be easily misconstrued, and, as a clincher, would the officer believe that Maurice was hastening to his aid when he hurried down the road with his club? These reflections left him in a very unenviable frame of mind, which was not at all relieved by the scant supply of food which the Cossacks at last condescended to give him.

About noon he and Phil were taken to another room, where the officer and the Cossack captain were seated at a table smoking pipes. The officer, to Maurice's great satisfaction, was able to speak English fairly well, and he cross questioned the boys very closely, demanding first of all to know what their share was in setting fire to the convict barge.

He treated them with a certain consideration, which gave Maurice courage to relate the whole story in a frank, straightforward way which seemed to carry conviction with it. He saw that a favorable impression had been made, and, quick to seize the opportunity, he turned to the officer and said imploringly: "I beg of you, sir, the privilege of saying a few words more. You addressed us as Cummings and Burton. I assure you that those are not our names; that an awful mistake has been made, a fearful crime committed"— "Stop!" interrupted the officer sternly. "Not a word on that subject, or I shall change my intentions regarding you. I have heard of your audacity in accusing a prominent and influential Russian of a most absurd charge. For your own good I advise you to cease. You surely must be aware of the convincing proofs arraigned against you." His face was so grave and his tone so severe that Maurice lost all hope of obtaining a hearing and made no further attempt to speak.

"As for your complicity with these two assassins," continued the officer in a calmer voice, "I believe your story, and for the service you have done me I shall afford you what aid I can, though I assure you that you are in a most serious position. Your two companions will undoubtedly be shot, and the chances are that you will meet the same fate. I am Lieutenant Brosky, and I happen fortunately to be connected with the government at Tomsk, whither I am now bound. I will therefore be present at your trial and will state what facts I possess in your favor."

CHAPTER VIII.

CONDEMNED.

Lieutenant Brosky turned away, as a sign that the interview was ended, and was about to rap on the table for the guards who were outside in the hall when Maurice asked respectfully: "Will

"No, Phil; don't give up."

you be kind enough to tell us to what part of Siberia we have been sentenced? No one will give us any information."

The lieutenant spoke a few words to the captain, and then, turning to Maurice, replied: "I can tell you nothing now. I promise you that you shall know what your original sentence was when you arrive at Tomsk." He signaled to the guards, and the boys were led away to the larger apartment down stairs.

Grodno was still sitting in moody silence in his corner, and the Cossacks were filling their pockets with food and their canteens with tea.

Outside the sturdy ponies were stamping restlessly, and through the window Maurice saw the wagon standing at the station door. Another horse had been found to match the one shot by Grodno.

A bugle blast assembled the Cossacks in haste, and the boys were rebound and placed in the wagon. Grodno was fastened securely on the back of one of the horses and given in charge of two Cossacks. At the last minute Lieutenant Brosky appeared and took the front seat. When just on the point of starting an incident occurred which for the moment diverted the boys from their troubles.

Amid the throng of curious villagers standing a little distance from the wagon the keen eyes of Lieutenant Brosky detected the cowardly driver who had run away from him that morning and was lurking in the background hoping to escape detection.

The angry officer seized his whip and sprang from the little wagon with a single bound. Another leap carried him into the midst of the affrighted peasants, who scattered in every direction, and catching his man by the neck he dragged him back before the station and applied the whip with merciless energy. The fellow howled and screamed most piteously, but the officer continued the castigation until the whip split in his hand, and then, tossing the fragments in one direction and the limp peasant in the other, he coolly climbed into the wagon, and with a merry blast of the bugles the convoy wound across the steppe on its way to Tomsk. Hamid was not with the party. His condition was probably too serious to permit removal, but Maurice noticed that two of the Cossacks remained behind, doubtless to await the Turk's recovery.

At the time the convict barge had been set on fire it was more than 100 miles from the city of Tomsk, and as the fugitives had covered but little ground in their flight the journey was of short duration.

The Cossack ponies and the horses who drew the wagon were animals of superior strength and endurance, as are all Siberian horses, and after two brief delays at wayside posting stations Tomsk was reached late the following evening. They crossed the dark river and drove into the wide and populous streets of the town. On all sides the boys were surprised to see large and imposing buildings and churches of various denominations. As the hour was late, but few people were on the streets, and these barely glanced at the little cavalcade as it wound rapidly through the town.

The challenge of the sentries rang sharply on the air as they halted before a huge military looking stockade, pierced by a large gate and flanked at its corners by guardhouses.

They passed through the gateway into the courtyard, and the huge forwarding prison of Tomsk was before them, not a single large building, as might have been expected, but a dozen or more one story log houses grouped about the inclosure without any attempt at regularity. A large number of soldiers were pacing to and fro with loaded rifles on their shoulders, and owing to the mildness of the night hundreds of convicts were sleeping on the ground. When the new arrivals entered, many of them sat up with a harsh clanking of chains. The officer of the prison quickly came forward, accompanied by Captain Stanisla himself, and the prisoners were once more placed in his custody.

Lieutenant Brosky drove away immediately without even glancing toward the boys, the Cossacks trotted out of the inclosure, and the recaptured fugitives were marched off to an isolated log building with heavy doors and barred windows.

The boys were not slow to realize the serious change in their situation. The guards roughly fastened chains to their legs and thrust them into a dark, ill smelling room containing absolutely nothing but a dirty straw bed in one corner. The door was closed and locked, and they were alone in darkness.

"What do you suppose they will do with us?" asked Phil in despairing tones. "Not that it matters much, for I don't seem to care any more what becomes of me. I have lost all hope."

"No, Phil; don't give up," said Maurice firmly. "The outlook is very hard, but all hope is not gone. We can't tell what may turn up yet in our favor. Have courage, Phil; have courage. Lieutenant Brosky may get us free of this present scrape, and when we learn just where they are going to take us—and you know the lieutenant promised to tell us—then we can see better what our chances are."

Phil, however, refused to be comforted and paced the front of the narrow apartment until compelled to lie down from sheer weariness. Maurice was far from feeling the confident manner which he had assumed. He was deeply impressed with the gravity of their present scrape, and even should they avoid punishment for that through Lieutenant Brosky's influence he realized that Siberian exile offered no hope of escape. Vladimir Saradoff would take every precaution on that score.

At the thought of his treacherous uncle Maurice ground his teeth and clinched his fists.

Presently he became more composed and sat down on the bed beside Phil. If any aid could reach them, it must come from one source—home. His guardian and Phil's friends would make a determined effort to find the boys. But here again Vladimir Saradoff would no doubt be ready with some cunning tale to explain their disappearance.

Little did Maurice dream of the startling truth as he sat on the wretched couch thinking of the home and the friends that he would probably never see again.

He fell asleep at last, and when he woke the guards were tramping heavily past the prison, and from an adjoining cell came furious cries and savage cursing, doubtless the wretched Grodno in a feverish delirium caused by his wound.

His ravings continued until daylight, completely putting an end to the boys' sleep.

They were provided with a scanty, unpalatable breakfast and then left alone until after midday, when a file of soldiers, led by a young officer, entered the cell. They were taken outside, where they found Grodno supported by two guards, his ugly face flushed with fever. He glared at the boys with malignity, and even made an effort to spring at Maurice, but was held back by the soldiers. They marched across the courtyard between crowds of convicts, who surveyed them curiously and, as a close observer would have discovered, pityingly.

Maurice recognized among them many familiar faces, his fellow voyagers on the convict barge, and he was glad to see that they had escaped the terrible death to which Grodno's crime had so nearly consigned them.

Near the gates stood the office of the prison, a gloomy two story building. Soldiers were all around it, some on guard duty, some chatting in groups, others holding fiery black horses, belonging, no doubt, to officers who were inside. The boys were ushered into a large, dimly lighted room and in a barred inclosure along one side. Around a large table, lighted by a lamp, sat half a dozen stern looking men in officers' uniforms, among whom Maurice recognized Captain Stanisla, the Cossack captain who recaptured the fugitives and Lieutenant Brosky. The rest were strangers. The two men were writing at a table near by, and a dozen soldiers occupied a long bench across the room, but all was very quiet and still.

"They are waiting for some person," whispered Maurice to Phil. One of the guards observed the conversation and rapped the boys sharply on the shoulders with the flat of his sword.

In a very short time wheels rattled up to the door, and a tall, stout man entered the room and took a seat at the head of the table. He had a heavy gray beard and mustache and was dressed in a summer uniform of light linen. He conversed briefly with Lieutenant Brosky, a proceeding which Maurice gladly noted, and then the trial—if such it could be called—was formally begun.

The boys' suspense was augmented by the fact that all was conducted in Russian.

The first to be examined was Captain Stanisla, who spoke for 10 or 15 minutes, and from stray words understood here and there Maurice knew that he was relating the circumstances of the fire.

At the close of his explanation he was subjected to a close cross examination. Lieutenant Brosky and the Cossack captain followed with brief addresses, and at this point the prosecution seemed to rest. The officers conferred briefly among themselves, and then, to the utter consternation of the boys, Grodno was called forward.

He advanced eagerly in spite of his wound and started to speak in an excited voice.

He was speedily compelled to be silent and to content himself with answering the questions that were put to him.

The interrogations were brief, and as the convict was led back to the pen he threw a glance of hateful triumph at the boys.

At that moment Maurice lost all hope, and the grave, severe faces of his judges seemed to confirm his belief. He made no attempt to speak, knowing only too well that it would be useless.

The officer in the white suit conferred with his companions, and then, rising to his feet, announced what was evidently the verdict of the court. Grodno gave a loud cry as the words fell from the officer's lips, and then the prisoners were hurried from the room. A few paces beyond the door they were met by Lieutenant Brosky, who whispered to Maurice as they passed hurriedly by: "You are all sentenced to be shot. Grodno has lied infamously. Don't despair yet. I will do what I can."

With these words ringing in their ears the boys staggered across the prison yard, oblivious to everything around them, and sank down in the corner of the cell. The guards went silently away, and even Grodno's piteous wailings from the adjoining cell were unheeded and unheard.

Hours passed, and still they tossed in wretched misery on the hard pallet. Phil broke down completely and cried bitterly, while Maurice, brave lad that he was, could hardly repress his tears. He made no effort to encourage Phil by false hopes, for he knew how precarious was the aid that Lieutenant Brosky had promised. Death stared them in the face. If ever there was an example of the disastrous consequences of bad company, Maurice felt that this was one, and bitterly did he regret having had anything to do with the two convicts.

Grodno, out of revenge, had sworn that the boys were equally guilty with himself, and now they must pay the penalty.

Supper was brought to them, but was left untouched. Neither had any desire to eat. Engrossed in their own sad thoughts, they even paid little attention to each other, pacing the floor constantly and starting nervously at every strange sound from without. So the hours wore on, and night came.

Grodno was silent, and the only sounds that broke the stillness were the heavy tread of soldiers and the occasional rattle of steel. Condemned men are often said to sleep soundly the night before execution, and the boys were no exception. They fell asleep side by side, and only woke when the gray dawn was stealing in at the grated window. Outside were heard strange noises, a steady tramp of feet, a harsh rattle, and then a terrific discharge of firearms seemed to shake the building.

Frightened and amazed, the boys rose to their feet. Footsteps were heard in the corridor. They came nearer and nearer. The door creaked and opened, and Lieutenant Brosky entered, accompanied by two soldiers.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Doctors In Russia.

Slovo of Kiev reports some curious instances of popular doctoring in south Russia. The rural dentist places his patient upon a little stool and examines him. If an upper tooth is to be pulled, he performs the operation with a simple pair of tongs like that used by cobblers, but if a lower tooth is to be extracted the operation is more complicated. The tooth is tied very skillfully with a violin string. The other end of the string is fastened to a hook in the ceiling. Then the stool is removed with a jerk from beneath the patient, who falls, his tooth remaining on the string, sometimes with the flesh around it.

Intermittent fever is cured either by live frogs or by fright. When the sickness breaks out, the patient is made to carry about him as many live frogs as can be put in his clothes. If that treatment does not help the patient, his fellow villagers try to frighten him. The most popular method of doing that is known by the name of likaniye. A crowd of men and women come into the house and raise a quarrel with the patient. They treat him to the loudest and most offensive terms of reproach. That naturally irritates him, and he answers in similar terms. The crowd takes offense at his rude expressions and resolves to lynch him. A rope is put around his neck, and he is dragged about until he is insensible on account of the fright.

As Told by Horatio Seymour.

Speaking of Horatio Seymour at the Cogburn club, the old political member was reminded of the following anecdote, which, he asserted, the governor used to tell on himself:

"I had just taken my seat in the railway carriage, when I noticed two ministerial looking men in front of me," said the governor. "'Do you know this Horatio Seymour?' asked one. 'No,' came the answer, 'although I have seen him.' 'Have you? Then I pray you to tell me how he looks.' 'Well, he looks what he is—a great drunkard,' answered the one who had seen the governor. 'Ah,' said the questioner sadly, 'it's a great pity that he should be governor! I understand that he owns an interest in more than half the rumshops in Utica.' 'Yes,' was the response. 'And he has to lock out for them in the morning, as he is always too drunk in the afternoon to attend to that or any other business.' I pricked up my ears," concluded the governor, "for I was curious to know what had caused these two to go for me so severely. Presently I discovered. 'Have you seen his Thanksgiving proclamation?' asked one. 'Yes. And I think it scandalously infidel.' 'So do I.' And yet that proclamation was written by the rector of the leading Episcopal church in Albany."—Utica Observer.

There are more wrecks in the Baltic sea than in any other place in the world. The average is one wreck a day throughout the year.

KIDNEY TROUBLES

Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound,

Also Backache.

I cannot speak too highly of Mrs. Pinkham's Medicine, for it has done so much for me. I have been a great sufferer from Kidney trouble, pains in muscles, joints, back and shoulders; feet would swell. I also had womb troubles and leucorrhœa. After using Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and Blood Purifier and Liver Pills, I felt like a new woman. My kidneys are now in perfect condition, and all my other troubles are cured.—MRS. MAGGIE POTTS, 324 Kauffman St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Backache.

My system was entirely run down, and I suffered with terrible backache in the small of my back and could hardly stand upright. I was more tired in the morning than on retiring at night. I had no appetite. Since taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, I have gained fifteen pounds, and I look better than I ever looked before. I shall recommend it to all my friends, as it certainly is a wonderful medicine.—MRS. E. F. MORTON, 1043 Hopkins St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Kidney Trouble.

Before taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, I had suffered many years with kidney trouble. The pains in my back and shoulders were terrible. My menstruation became irregular, and I was troubled with leucorrhœa. I was growing very weak. I had been to many physicians but received no benefit. I began the use of Mrs. Pinkham's medicine, and the first bottle relieved the pain in my back and regulated the menses. It is the best kind of medicine that I have ever taken, for it relieved the pain so quickly and cured the disease.—MRS. LILLIAN CRIPPEN, Box 77, St. Andrews Bay, Fla.

Greater Britain and Its Future.

It is obvious enough that if political and social strength depended upon extent of territory, material wealth and number of population Great Britain would be by far the mightiest nation on the face of the earth. Indeed, until recently she thought, spoke and acted as if she were so, and the world, on the whole, took her at her own estimate. In the last few years, however, a change of feeling has come about, and in this Great Britain herself shares. It is now generally acknowledged that Russia is the determining power in the old world, and that in influence Germany stands next to her. That Great Britain recognizes this, especially with regard to Russia, she shows in two ways—first, by courting the favor of the United States and of France, and, second, by allowing Russia to exercise power which but a few years ago she would have jealously resisted as plainly prejudicial to British interests.

Obtrusive examples of such unresisted power are the recent dealings of Russia with China and Japan and with Turkey and Greece. These have been distinctly detrimental to Great Britain, and yet she has not felt strong enough to prevent them. Indeed it seems at the present moment as if, with all her wealth and territory, she were about to sink into the position of a second rate power, compelled to shape her policy in accordance with the good pleasure of her more powerful rivals. This is certainly a poor presage, and if it were to be realized not only Great Britain, but all the world, would be the loser. As political and moral forces, Russia and Germany, with their coarse despotism, do not compare with her. Under the circumstances it seems pertinent to inquire what are the influences which, by depriving her of her former prestige and authority, have damped her courage and paralyzed her hands, and then briefly to consider whether these can be removed or counteracted in such a way that she may be able to recover her lost ground and act again as a counterpoise to the retrograde tendencies of her rivals.—Professor Thomas Davidson in Forum.

The Larger and Richer Life.

Play is no longer the exclusive occupation of the young American. His father and his grandfather beat him at golf, his mother and his grandmother ride with him on the wheel. The old people have disappeared. The lines which in the old time divided youth from maturity and maturity from age have been obliterated. Life, being no longer merely a question of work, has ceased to be purely a matter of physical strength, and out of doors living, exercise, rest and variety of occupation are keeping those fresh who 50 years ago lost interest and their vitality in middle life.

Another evidence of the larger life of the country and its closer intimacy with nature is the increasing volume of books relating to nature and to out of doors occupation. Thoreau and John Burroughs are no longer solitary; they are surrounded by a great group of writers, all engaged in describing nature, picturing nature or telling people how to enjoy nature. This out of doors movement is a revolutionary movement. It is a real liberation and emancipation from an old slavery—the opening of the door into a larger and richer life.—Outlook.

Wrecked on Boston Shoals.

The young man looked up from his writing.

"The—ah—the—girl lives in Boston," he said to his chum. "Don't you think it would make a hit with her if I quoted a few lines of poetry?"

"Got the book?"

"No, but I know the verses by heart."

"Don't you take any chances. I tried the same thing once and got shook because I used a semicolon where there should have been a comma."—Washington Star.

EASY FOR CHIMMIE.

HOW A SMART NEW YORK YOUNGSTER GOT THE JOB.

An Office Boy Who Didn't Smoke Cigarettes Was Wanted, and Every Applicant's Fingers Were Closely Examined. But the Man of Affairs Was Outwitted.

A prosperous man of affairs who has his offices in a down town skyscraping structure entered the building the other day with a disturbed look on his face. Although a man with full confidence in himself and one whose judgment was considered second to no one else's in the street, he was extremely doubtful of the result of the task before him. He was in trouble because his office boy had left him and he was forced to engage another. The boy who had gone had been a pretty good one as boys go. He had bossed the boss and run the office for about a year and was all right when he had his own way, but one unfortunate afternoon he told the boss that he wanted to get off, as his brother-in-law had died and he desired to go to the funeral.

"I want to go to the ball game myself," said the "old man," chuckling, as he recalled how many times that old funeral excuse had been sprung on him by office boys, "so I guess, James, you will have to mind shop today."

James didn't appear at the office next morning, but an irate woman who said she was his mother did, and she soundly berated the employer for his inhumanity in keeping James away from his brother-in-law's funeral.

The boss tried to explain matters by saying that he thought James only wanted an excuse to go to the ball game and that he did not know there had been a death in the family, but it was no good. The whole family branded the old man as a brute of the deepest dye, and James did not return to his duties.

In consequence of this the employer inserted an advertisement in one of the newspapers for an office boy, and he had got down to the office half an hour earlier than usual to receive the applicants for the place.

There was a long line of them in the hallway in front of his office, and he heard much criticism, some favorable and some otherwise, on his general appearance as he pushed his way through the throng. He called the boys into his office one by one and subjected each of them to a searching examination as to his experience, fitness, etc. He invariably finished up with the question, "Do you smoke cigarettes?" The boys as invariably declared that they did not.

"Never smoked one o' ther dope sticks in me life," declared the first boy called into the office.

"Didn't, eh?" replied the "old man." "Let me see your fingers." The youngster's fingers were stained a deep dirty yellow color, and he was told he was not wanted.

"Dat's not cigarute stain, dat ain't," insisted the second boy called into the office. "Dat's paint off me fader's house."

The excuse wouldn't work, however, and he was ushered out, as were several more young aspirants for office honors.

Finally a bright eyed, redheaded youngster entered the office and answered all the questions propounded to him in a satisfactory way.

"Now, my boy," came the final test, "tell me truthfully, do you smoke cigarettes?"

"What's them? Those little paper cigars?" answered the youth.

"Yes, exactly."

"Nope. Never drew one uf them inter me lungs in me life," continued the boy.

"Let me see your hands."

The boy poked out a chubby fist at him. The man examined it critically, but failed to detect the slightest evidence of tobacco stain.

"You're engaged," he finally said.

"Bully fer you!" replied the youth. "So long. I'll be ter work in de morning." He then went out, whistling "There's Only One Girl In the World For Me," and joined his anxious comrades in the hallway.

"Youse fellers can all go home," he said.

"What's yer given us? Did yer get der job?" piped half a dozen voices.

"Bet yer life," replied the urchin.

There was a loud murmur of surprise from the crowd, and finally one of the youngsters exclaimed:

"How'd yer do it, Chimmy? De old man said dat he didn't want no dope stick smokers, an yer knows yer was de wursest dope fiend in der push."

"Oh, youse fellers was so slow dat yer make me tired," replied Chimmie in a disgusted tone of voice. "Course I hit de dope sticks, but d'ye t'ink I wuan't cute 'nough ter keep it from de ole man?"

"Guess yer had a pull or yer couldn't have fooled his joblots," said one of the youngsters.

"Easiest t'ing in de world," answered Chimmy. "As soon as I read his advertisement in de poiper I knew dat he wus ag'in dope sticks, so what does I do but soak me fingers in turpentine all night, an in de morning dey wus as clean as a newborn babe's."—New York Tribune.

His Way of Smoking Glass.

Murphy—Well, this bates the divil all out.

Mrs. Murphy—Fwat does?

Murphy—Dooley tole me that if I shmoked a piece of glass I'd be able to see the spots on the sun. Sure, ain't I fairly kilt wid thrying to make me pipe draw? 'Tis the way, I'm thinking, that either I haven't the right kind of glass or else Dooley's been fooling me.—London Tit-Bits.

Shakespeare wrote "native and to the manner born." "To the manor born" is believed to be an American innovation. There is not a single editor of Shakespeare who admits that reading, but there is a wide belief in it, absolutely ungrounded.

A MOTHER'S RUSE.

Saved Her Sons From Conscription, but Changed the Family Name.

A gentleman living in Boston told an interesting story the other day about how some of his blood relatives happened to have a family name different from his own. It seems that during the persecutions in Scotland these particular Kirkpatricks went over to Ireland and settled in Belfast. Subsequently the head of the family came across the ocean and as soon as he was established sent for his wife to join him, bringing with her their four sons, two of whom were old enough to make stripling soldiers had some exigency demanded such a sacrifice. The journey was undertaken in a slow going ship bound for New York, and while she was somewhere in mid-Atlantic the war of 1812 between England and the United States broke out.

The ship when nearing our seaboard was overtaken by a British cruiser, which put her about and escorted her to Halifax, Nova Scotia. The officer in command of the cruiser declared his intention of impressing sailors and soldiers from among the passengers. A mother having more than two sons would have to give up all over that number who might be available for military or naval service. Mrs. Kirkpatrick, who was a quick witted woman, instantly planned a ruse which she justified in her own mind by calling it ruse de guerre (a trick of war). She stood two sons in one part of the ship and two in another and was accepted, without detection, as the mother of both pairs, though she called herself Kirkpatrick in one instance and Kilpatrick in the other.

After they disembarked the deception had to be kept up, as they were constantly under the eyes of British officers. The interception by the cruiser resulted in the family settling in Halifax instead of in the United states, but even after peace was restored the two Kirkpatrick boys found it much harder to get their name back than it had been to exchange it on shipboard. In fact, they never got it back.

Those who had come to know them as Kilpatricks refused to know them as Kirkpatricks, and in the course of time the effort to reclaim the family name was abandoned as hopeless. The variation in prefix made expedient pro tem. by the intermeddling cruiser seems to have been ordained to continue sine die.—Harper's Round Table.

OUR SMALLER COLLEGES.

In Many Respects They Are Doing Better Work Than the Larger Institutions.

"There are a few striking facts about the small American college," writes Edward W. Bok in The Ladies' Home Journal. "One striking fact is that 60 per cent of the brainiest Americans who have risen to prominence and success are graduates of colleges whose names are scarcely known outside of their own states. It is a fact also that during the past ten years the majority of the new and best methods of learning have emanated from the smaller colleges and have been adopted later by the larger ones. Because a college happens to be unknown 200 miles from the place of its location does not always mean that the college is not worthy of wider repute. The fact cannot be disputed that the most direct teaching and necessarily the teaching most productive of good results is being done in the smaller American colleges.

The names of these colleges may not be familiar to the majority of people, but that makes them none the less worthy places of learning. The larger colleges are unquestionably good, but there are smaller colleges just as good and in some respects better. Some of the finest educators we have are attached to the faculties of the smaller institutions of learning. Young girls or young men who are being educated at one of the smaller colleges need never feel that the fact of the college being a small one places them at a disadvantage in comparison with the friend or companion who has been sent to a larger and better known college. It is not the college; it is the student."

Tricks on the Teachers.

The other day a pupil in one of the public schools asked the teacher to do a little example in grammar, and since then what seemed at first to be a simple problem has had the serious consideration of all the pedagogues in the community, and it has been unanimously agreed that there is no rule in grammar to cover the point raised. The youngster's proposition was this:

"It is two miles to Woodfords. Now, please write under that sentence, 'There are two twos in the above sentence.'"

That is what the boy said. He did not submit the problem in writing, and when the teacher tried to follow his injunction she found out the reason why. It dawned on her that there were not two twos, neither were there two tos, and how to express in writing what was easy enough to do verbally she ascertained to be impossible.

The boy responsible for the foregoing must be a near relative to the youth who asked his teacher how to spell paris green, and when she replied, 'P-a-r par, i-s, paris, g-r-e-e-n, green; paris green," retorted:

"No; you're wrong. You can't spell paris green, or blue, or any other color. You can't spell it anything but paris."—Portland Argus.

Taken Unawares.

The Bank of France has a camera so arranged that the picture of any suspicious visitor may be secured without the suspected individual knowing that he has been caught.

Happy Innocence.

The Wife—What a sweet smile there is on the baby's face, John!

The Husband—Yes, he's probably dreaming that he's keeping me awake.—Town Topics.

IT WAS A REAL FIGHT

A PIECE OF STAGE REALISM THE GALLERY DIDN'T APPRECIATE.

The Hero Had Some Difficulty In Carrying Out the Intentions of the Author. How Two Actors Settled a Disagreement and Lost Their Jobs.

Every day one sees things which force him to believe that Barnum said it all when he declared that "the American people like to be humbugged." They will applaud the bogus, the make believe, and allow the genuine—or, to use a worse bit of slang, "the real thing"—to go off the scene without so much as "a hand."

Fine frenzies in the dramatic business are a waste of energy, so I am told by a couple of actors, and here is the story, a tale of how two ambitious ones gave to the exasperating public perhaps the greatest bit of stage realism every presented and received for their pains—and bruises—an awful silence and a few pointed remarks from the gallery critics. I forget what the play was, and who the actors were has nothing whatever to do with the matter at this time. They are both stars today, however. One did heroic parts and the other the "Ha, ha; I'll steal the girl." They had played in several pieces together and were friends. One was a believer in real tears and all that goes to constitute living the part, while the other believed that at no time should the actor allow the lines or situations of the piece to make him forget himself.

In the piece which they were playing the hero and the villain meet at a critical moment and fight. In case the hero failed to settle his opponent—well, he got his salary for doing it, so it had to occur.

The fight was rehearsed and was made to look real to a startling degree. The gallery used to go wild and the whole house resounded with the applause, but this did not suit the villain, who believed in realism. It was his belief that a real fight would make a hit. I believe I mentioned the fact that they were friends. That was true. They were up to the moment where one, in a moment of indiscretion, attempted to criticise the other. Of course everybody knows that when that occurs all friendship ceases—between actors. Of course there were coarse remarks passed, and the one who believed in realism and being an actor off and on finally folded his arms and said, "When and where?"

"Right here, if you like. It's a short job anywhere."

"You think so, eh? Well, it shall occur in our fight scene tonight. For once the public shall see what they pay for. The plot of the play necessitates that you vanquish me. We shall see whether it is so short a job."

The worst of the quarrel was that they were both athletes, good wrestlers and boxers and willing.

The play dragged slowly that night until the fight scene.

The hero's line, "It is either you or I, Reginald Marshallson," was answered by—in an undertone—"You bet it is, and I'll mark you so you won't play for a month."

Instead of going to a clinch, as usual, they both sparred about for an opening. They were too long in finding it, and from the gallery a critic shouted: "W'at's de matter wid youse? Why don't ye git togedder?"

Then they both led and landed with a wallop. Then they clinched. The villain back heeled the hero, and down they went.

"Fight like a man, not like a dog," whispered the hero in hoarse tones.

The villain allowed him to get on his feet, and they began to spar again. About the time the gallery got restless the hero landed a right on the villain's eye that sent him reeling. Had he reeled the other way all would have been well, as the hero would have gone on with the piece, but as the hero crossed the stage toward him the realist rushed and knocked him down with a swinging left.

Now, by all the laws of melodrama the villain at no time should get the better of the hero in a personal encounter. The gallery knew that and roundly hissed the hero for so far forgetting himself. The stage manager knew it and ran to one of the wings to prompt him. The hero knew it, and he went back at the villain for keeps.

They fought for five minutes all over the stage. They knocked down papier mache trees, a stoop to a house and a fence, besides each other. The whole company stood in the wings watching the mill, and the manager cursed and made awful threats in a stage whisper, but somehow the audience was not impressed. The gallery yelled: "Yer fakin. Why don't ye fight?" The balcony, from which on previous nights waves of approval had broken, sat quiet, bored and sullen. The parquet, always willing to follow the lead from above on previous occasions, now sat glum, waiting until the very bad imitation of a fight should end.

The hero fought desperately. He must win. The plot of the piece worked out from his victory, but the villain clinched and fought as he had never dreamed of fighting. In spite of warnings from the wings he refused to be knocked senseless and allow the hero to go on and rescue the girl.

At last the stage manager threatened them with the curtain, and the hero with one mighty effort freed himself from the grasp of the realist and, rushing toward the house in which the heroine was supposed to be, cried with a harelip accent: "Beware of me, Reginald Marshallson! My just purpose shall not be thwarted."

As he had one eye closed and his mouth swollen out of heroic proportions the sentence did not cause the gallery to make any particular fuss. The heroine refused to allow him to kiss her in the rescue scene, and the manager discharged them both.—Chicago Times-Herald.

SAFE OPENING AN ART.

An Expert Who Met Many Obstacles and Overcame Them.

Opening refractory vaults, safes and burglar proof chests is a science in itself and is surrounded by the utmost secrecy by those who make a living out of it. In a talk to the Chicago Post a man who has been in the business 40 years said: "The essential qualification which a successful safe opener must possess is an intimate and instinctive knowledge of the mechanism and workings of every variety of combination lock. He must be born to the profession and possess acute mechanical perception.

"Nearly every obstinate safe which I am called upon to open presents unique conditions demanding new and individual treatment. The nature of the difficulty must be correctly diagnosed in advance or the lock will remain obdurate, for machinery does not move by chance.

"The biggest bait ever held out to me came in the form of a proposal from a detective with whom I was well acquainted. It had been supposed that the locks made by a certain firm of safe manufacturers were proof against the manipulations of burglars and experts, but a few days before I was approached by the detective I had been called upon to open one of these safes and had succeeded. The incident gave rise to much comment.

"As I was sitting alone in my office the detective entered and asked me if I did not wish to make some money. I replied that I was in business for just that purpose. He then questioned me closely as to my ability to open the particular kind of lock in question. When satisfied that I was easily able to do so, he said:

"'I'll tell you how you can grab off $100,000 without the least trouble. The boys know where there is a safe of this kind which contains $200,000 in paper currency. It is easy to get at, and all you'll have to do is to walk in, after they have opened the way, unlock the safe, take out $100,000 and leave the remainder for them. It's the easiest kind of money.'

"By 'the boys' the detectve meant a notorious gang of burglars which had been conducting a series of daring operations. I told the detective that I had been much given to card playing in my youth, thus acquiring a strong preference for a lone hand, and that this predilection had become too firmly fixed to be changed. He took the hint and left my office as soon as possible."

SEWING ON MEN-OF-WAR.

How a Sailor May Add Something to His Pay From Uncle Sam.

Visitors on board war vessels in the navy yard will very likely see among the sailors scattered about the decks smoking, talking and so on a sailor at work with a sewing machine. It is a hand machine and has a pretty heavy base, so that it can be set down on deck and worked easily without shifting its position.

The machine is owned by the man working it. On a big ship like, for example, the battleship Indiana, carrying a crew of 400 men or more, there would probably be found as many as a dozen sewing machines. On a third rate cruiser, a smaller vessel, such, for illustration, as the Detroit, there would be apt to be four or five sewing machines. The machines are oftenest owned by sailmakers and sailmakers' mates, but they may be owned by sailors. Any man on the ship might have a sewing machine if he wanted to. Space is valuable on a vessel, and so only hand machines are allowed, and to bring a machine aboard permission must be got from the commanding officer. It is not to be supposed that every man in the ship would want a sewing machine. As a matter of fact comparatively few men do, and those who want to take one aboard are not likely to find any difficulty in the way.

A sailor who has a sewing machine makes and repairs garments for himself and he does work for others for pay. There are not so many sewing machines on the vessels of the new navy as there were on those of the old. The sailor nowadays makes up less of his own outfit than he formerly did. He draws more completed articles from the government, but there is still plenty of work to be done aboard ship with sewing machines, and some money to be made with them yet.—New York Sun.

An Inquiring Wheelman.

This letter, published by The American Field, is said to be an order sent by a Kansas man to a bicycle company:

DEAR SIRZ—I live on mi farm near Hamilton, Kan., am 57 years old and just a little sporta. My neffew in Indiana bot hisself a new biscile and sent me his old one by frate, and ive learned to ride sumo. Its a pile of fun, but my biscile jolts considerable. A feller come along yesterday with a biscile that had hollow injun robber tires stuffed with wind. He let me try hissen and mi, it run like a kushin! He told me you sell injun robber just the same as hissen. How much will it be to fix mine up like hissen? Mine is all iron wheels. Do you punch the hollow hole threw the injun robber or will I have to do it myself? How do you stick the ends together after you got it done? If your injun robber is already holler, will it come any cheaper empty? I can get all the wind I want out here in Kansas free.

EBENEEZER Y. JERSON.

P. S.—How much do you charge for the doodad you stuff the wind into the robber with, and where do you start?

Her Way of Remembering.

"Maria, I am ready to start down town now. Didn't you say there was something you wanted me to remember particularly to bring home with me this evening?"

"Yes."

"Well, what is it?"

"How can I tell until I have looked over the advertising columns of the paper?"—Chicago Tribune.

Gas In England.

Recent statistics show that the English citizen's heaviest bill, after food, rent, clothing and drink, is his gas bill. England pays $100,000,000 a year to the gas companies, and it is calculated that the gas companies realize a profit of $26,000,000 a year

JAGUAR HUNTING.

A ROYAL SPORT THAT IS ENJOYED IN VENEZUELA.

The Natives Use Only a Short Stabbing Spear to Kill the Ferocious South American Tiger—A Plucky Indian's Exploit. Courage Against Courage.

"Hunting the Jaguar In Venezuela," written by William Willard Howard for Century, describes the method of the native hunters in killing the jaguars with short spears and relates the following experience of his native guide:

In a moment a great brown and yellow beast, spotted and ringed with black, strode leisurely into view, looking upward at the screaming birds. It was the fierce and cruel jaguar, the South American tiger, king of all beasts south of the isthmus of Darien and matched in ferocity and courage only by the wounded grizzly bear of North America.

The monstrous creature suddenly paused, with a massive foot lifted from the ground. He had seen the hunter.

Terife was as one turned to stone, a sort of bronze image that might have stood neglected in the wilderness since the days of the Chibchas whom Quesada conquered to found the viceregal state of New Granada.

The tiger's long tail swung slowly from left to right and from right to left again, while over his yellow face crept a look of mild surprise and inquiry, as though he had asked the meaning of this strange thing which had the figure of flesh and blood and the inscrutable stillness of inanimate rock.

It was splendid courage that this dumb brute did not turn tail and bound away. I know of no other animal that would have stood his ground. Even the grizzly bear, more terrible to meet than the lion of Africa or the monarch of the Bengal jungle, would have growled savagely and retired.

Matchless in his calm courage, the great jaguar put down his uplifted paw and advanced a few steps, half crouching, with lowered head and neck, as a cat creeps upon its prey. Then he paused, swinging his long tail slowly from side to side. Terife stood like a stone, superior in courage even to this remarkable ruler of the forest.

Slowly, cautiously the tiger came on again, hanging his head and neck low between his shoulders, and never for an instant taking his green and yellow eyes from the strange thing in the path. He was a beautiful creature—wonderfully beautiful in his sinewy strength and graceful curves.

As the tiger drew near, a step at a time, his tail swung more rapidly, with a vicious jerk at the end of each swing. Apparently he was giving way to the idea that the strange thing in the path was flesh and blood. Still he was not quite certain, and he meant to investigate. The Indian had seemingly petrified where he stood. Not even the loose folds of his cotton shirt stirred in the breeze. The birds circled and wheeled for a few moments and then flew away, caring little for the impending death grapple, now that their own domestic arrangements were no longer imperiled. Puzzled, undecided, watchful, the tiger walked slowly to the hunter, his green eye searching craftily for some undetected sign of life. When he had come to the end of his uncertain path, the yellow monster bent his head and sniffed suspiciously at the Indian's feet.

Like a steel spring, the great beast recoiled. The strange, still thing was flesh and blood.

A step at a time—alert, wary, fierce—he withdrew his massive paws, measuring the distance with the savage instinct of the forest. The Indian made no sign.

Then the tiger crouched in the path, his giant muscles quivered in tense knots, his red tongue curled stiffly between his keen fangs, his tail thrashed viciously, and his spotted skin moved in bristling waves of anger as a quick squall races across standing grain.

In an instant all would be over—a lonely tragedy far away in the South American wilderness, a tragedy for beast or a tragedy for man.

The tiger gathered himself for the spring, his sinewy length all a-tremble, but just as his bunched muscles were quivering with the first impulse of upward motion the hunter came back to life. Terife snatched the loose handkerchief from his neck and cast it full in the tiger's face. In an ecstasy of surprise the beast threw up his head and shoulders and pawed insanely at the cloth. In the catching of a breath Terife aimed the upraised spear at the rounded yellow throat and drove it home.

Tiger and spear rolled in the dust together, the blood spurting over the spear shaft and staining the narrow trail. The king of the cordilleras was conquered. He died as he had lived, fierce, cruel, savage, with no abatement of his splendid courage.

How a Lord Regained Its Foot.

It is not only invertebrates that have the privilege of seeing the renewed growth of any part of their bodies which may have suffered amputation. This phenomenon, known as regeneration, also takes place in birds, if we are to believe a writer in a scientific paper, who quotes a curious case of the regeneration of the foot of a canary. This canary had been seized by the foot by a tame crow which occupied an adjoining cage, and the lower part of the leg was wrenched off. The canary did not die, however, and managed to get along with only one foot. A short time afterward it was observed that the protruding bone began to be covered with an excrescence of flesh shaped like a pear, and six or seven months afterward there grew out from this excrescence first two claws and then a whole new foot. At first the bird did not use this new member, and he remained for several weeks without resting upon it, or at least doing so very rarely, but after this period of experiment the supplementary limb became as useful and solid as the other.

Thinkers and Talkers.

George Stephenson was a strong and original thinker on many scientific subjects, but he had not always sufficient fluency of speech to defend his views. One evening he held an animated discussion with an acquaintance, Dr. Buckland, on the theory of the formation of coal, and as Buckland excelled him in tongue fence Stephenson was completely silenced. Next morning he was walking thoughtfully through his grounds when Sir William Follett came up and asked about what he was pondering.

"Why, Sir William," said he, "I am thinking over that argument that I had with Buckland last night. I know I am right, and that if I had his command of words I should have beaten him."

"Let me know all about it," said Sir William, "and I'll see what I can do for you."

The two sat down in an arbor, and the astute lawyer entered with zeal into the points of the case. When he had completely mastered the subject, he said:

"Now I am ready for him."

After dinner Sir Robert Peel, who had been acquainted with the plot, adroitly introduced the subject of the controversy, and the result was that in the argument which followed the man of science was overcome by the man of law.

"And what do you say, Mr. Stephenson?" asked Sir Robert, laughing.

"Why," he replied, "I say this, that of all the powers above and under the earth there seems to be no power so great as the gift of the gab."—London Telegraph.

Shells as Money.

The relative value of cowry money varies. In British India and Siam about 4,000 pass for a shilling. The ordinary gradation in central and western Africa, the true home of cowry trading, is as follows: Forty cowries make a string; 2½ strings equal 1 penny; 50 strings, 1 head; 10 heads, 1 bag. A bag of 20,000 cowries just before the founding of the Kongo Free State was worth 17s. 6d. English money. Yet this value was not uniform, varying slightly according to locality. Slaves and elephants' tusks, however, have always been settled for in barter, not in cowries. Prints and cotton cloth, iron spikes and brass wire have proved the most acceptable payments for such articles of merchandise. But with a few exceptions of this kind, which belong to export commerce, cowries have for ages furnished the money medium. Barth, the traveler, tells us that in Mumyoma, western Africa, the king's revenue was reckoned at 80,000,000 shells, each male adult being assessed to many shells poll tax, so many for every slave and pack animal. There was no evading the tax collector either. It was either prompt payment or else the headsman collected a poll tax in his fashion, and the victim's property was confiscated.

The establishment of the Kongo Free State, with its railways, steamboats, trading posts, and the opening up of this enormous territory to commerce on a great scale will probably before many years exterminate cowry currency in all but the remoter regions. Such money ceases to be of use with the coming of civilized usages.—Harper's Round Table.

Gunning In Washington.

"Some years ago," says an old gunner, "I had fine sport in pigeon shooting on Fifteenth and F streets northwest. I do not wonder you look surprised. I was employed in the treasury at the time—a little before the war—and the pigeons that roosted on the cornice and about the capitals of the colonnade had multiplied and they were so numerous as to inconvenience the employees. To those particularly who were in the upper stories of the building they were an intolerable nuisance. The superintendent of the building secured from the mayor a suspension of the law prohibiting the use of firearms within the city limits, so as to allow gunning about the building before 7 o'clock in the morning by such persons as he should designate. I having had the reputation of being a good shot and with a mouth set for a pigeon pie dinner, secured permission to shoot. One morning's shooting was enough for me so far as the bird pie dinner was concerned, for some of the birds were so aged and tough that hide and feathers were too much for the lead, and many of those killed who found their way to kitchens were too much for the teeth. The sport was kept up for several days, more to the benefit of the department in contracting the circulation of the birds than for the pleasure of eating the game secured, and thousands were slain.—Washington Star.

Equivocal Signs.

"I distrust that man on sight," said Jones meaningly. Joues is one of the men who still show the effect of the life and doings of the late Mr. Sherlock Holmes. "Yes, sir. I wouldn't trust that man with a plugged Canadian quarter."

"Hum," said Robinson, who happened to know the man in question and held a very different opinion. "And why not, may I ask?"

"In the first place, do you notice the stooping, insinuating way in which he carries his shoulders? That's craft."

"Oh!"

"In the second place, you observe that he clutches his fists as though he had a grip upon something that nothing would persuade him to loosen. That's cupidity."

"Ah!"

"In the third place, do you see how furtively he glances from side to side. That's guilt."

There was a pause. Then—

"I happen to know that man," said Robinson.

"And I am right?" demanded Jones triumphantly.

"No, you are wrong. He has just become proficient enough to go on the street with his bicycle."—Boston Budget.

REPUTATION.

Some people on their families pride,
Some love their rank and station,
But best of all is he who loves
A splendid reputation.

Oh, blushing maid, oh, bashful youth,
If you would have salvation,
Remember that the road to it
Is through your reputation.

You may be rich, you may be great,
You may have education,
But what are these if you have not
With them a reputation?

One may lose his dearest friend
And have no food or ration,
But, then, this loss is trifling to
The loss of reputation.

Three things to me are very dear—
Wealth, title and vocation,
But these are little moles beside
My mountain reputation.

I like the earth, the sea, the sky,
All things of God's creation,
But give, oh, give me first of all
A spotless reputation.

—James H. Harrison in St. Louis Republic.

ON THE GRAND BANKS.

How the Cod and Halibut Are Taken by the Small Vessels.

Gustav Kobbe writes an article entitled "On the Grand Banks and Elsewhere" for St. Nicholas. Mr. Kobbe says:

The trawlers are generally found on the Grand banks, the hand liners on the western bank and Quiro. These hand lines are smaller vessels with fewer dories, and the men fish with hand lines, one man and two lines to a dory. The hand liner sits in the middle of his dory, with a compartment in its stern and another in its bow for his catch. When you see the bow sticking far up in the air, you know the fisherman has his stern load. Then, as fish after fish flashes into the other compartment, the bow settles, and when the dory is on an even keel the hand liner pulls back to the vessel.

The trawlers bait with fresh herring, mackerel and squid, the hand liners with salt clams. The catch of both is split and salted, and the vessel has a full "fare," or catch, when she has "wet her salt"—that is, used up all her salt—and is full of fish. A trawler's voyage lasts about 8 weeks, a hand liner's 11.

A trawler's crew receives no wages, but fishes on shares. First the captain gets a percentage; of the remainder, one half goes to the vessel, which "finds"—that is, supplies the gear, stores, salt and half the bait—and the other half to the captain and crew in equal shares, which run from $110 to $150 and even to $350.

But among the hand liners each man is paid according to what he catches, the "fare" from each dory being weighed as it is taken aboard. This stimulates competition. There is judgment in knowing where to fish or how long to stay over a certain spot, and even the quickness with which a line is hauled in will make a perceptible difference at the end of a day's fishing. It means something to be "high line," as they call the best fisherman, at the end of a voyage, and those who win this distinction time and again, as some do, become known as "killers" and "big fishermen."

The main catch on the banks is cod and halibut. There is also a fleet of small American vessels which pursues the merry swordfish. Swordfishing is good sport—whaling on a small scale. A man, dart in hand, stands in the vessel's bow, supported by a semicircular iron brace. When near enough to the fish, he lets fly the dart. A swordfish may weigh 350 pounds. One can tow a dory a mile, and a piece of the sword has been found driven through the bottom of a pilotboat.

The Hudson River Valley.

The Hudson river valley and the aspect of the river itself have passed through many changes since the eye of 50 years and over first knew them. The old manorial estates, the many acred "places" derived from grants or by purchase when land was worth but little money, were then in the full flower of their hospitable occupancy and, with the exception of a few market towns, themselves of small importance—Hudson, Poughkeepsie, Newburg—over all the region else between Albany and New York there brooded a sleepy, pastoral peace, not to be broken until the demon of steam should come with ear splitting scream and thundering tread, asserting its right of eminent domain. At the sound of that unruly voice the white winged brood of sloops and sailing vessels of all kinds disappeared, never to return—a loss ill supplied by the splendid steamboats which, ablaze with lights like so many Aaron's breastplates, plow their way through the hills, sending their magic searchlights from shore to shore.

The generation that knew and loved the valley in this pastoral time is rapidly passing away, and the newcomers who are remaking the land are in large measure of a different race, or at least it may be said there has been so strong an infusion of new peoples that the surface complexion of the towns and villages has been strangely altered. Where, in this still remembered time, the names of the inhabitants betrayed, for the most part, a remote Dutch or German origin, with a scattering contingent of English and Huguenot strain, our rural postmasters find the labor of having every few years to learn the names of even the older residents enormously increased by the necessity of answering the calls for their letters of a swarm of outlandish folk—Bohemians, Hungarians, Italians, Syrians.—Clarence Cook in Century.

The story of "Enoch Arden," as it stands in the poem, is in every detail a true one. It was related to Lord Tennyson by the late Mr. Woolner, the well known sculptor, whose widow has the manuscript of the story.

The reciprocal civility of authors is one of the most risible scenes in the farce of life.—Johnson.

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FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH.

Swede Spent Two Years In Vindicating His Brother's Honesty.

"I practiced law once in Silverton, Colo.," said one of the passengers in the smoking room of the Pullman, "and had a case that struck me as a model exhibition of faithfulness. A Swede was mail carrier over the pass to the other side of the range. It was not a long trip, but it was a severe one, made on foot and with the danger in winter from heavy snows added to its difficulty. Andrew carried the mail for a year, then one day he failed to reach home. There were valuable letters in his sack, and the inference that he had decamped was strong. On the night he should have come into Silverton his brother, fresh from Scandinavia and unable to speak English, got off the stage. As county attorney I had to break the news to the boy and stood by while he wept.

"Rewards were offered for Andrew, and I sent out parties to search the pass, but to no effect. A miner claimed to have seen him a week later in Leadville, but we got no more trace of him. The brother refused to believe that Andrew had done wrong and spent his days tramping the canyons searching for his brother's body. We tried to get him to go to work, but he did not yield until by his shortness of funds he was starved to it. In the summer, when most of the snow was off, he searched again, but in vain. During the winter he worked, but when the second spring came he renewed his lonely trampings up the trail. We thought him demented, but he cared not for our opinions. One day in August he walked along at the base of a cliff and saw a boot sticking out from some debris. He uncovered it, and his search was ended. That evening he came into town with the mail sack, much stained but intact, and his brother's coat. The grave he dug, with the rough stone he afterward put at its head, is up the canyon yet. It took two years to vindicate his brother's name, but he did not begrudge it. When it was done, he went back to his native land."—Chicago Times-Herald.

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